The PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

JUNE 1942

Commencement Number

The Look Ahead
By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

The Eternal Voice Speaks
By CHARLES F. WISHART

Life Can Be Made Over
By MILTON M. McGORRILL

Examination Day Surprises
By FRED EASTMAN

Carrying Bones to Canaan
By ROY L. SMITH

If—
By FRED E. LUCHS

Training for a Ministry That Ministers
By ALFRED W. SWAN

Pastoral Prayer
By Winthrop S. Hudson

Children's Sermon
By Harold L. Lunger

Sermon Illustrations

Contributed by Readers of **THE PULPIT**

God Moves in a Mysterious Way

Dr. Oscar Johnson, speaking over the radio, referred to the hymn, "Faith of our fathers, living still, in spite of dungeon, fire and sword," and he said perhaps the hymn would be more accurate if we sang it, "Faith of our fathers, living still, *by the help of* dungeon, fire and sword." How true! In times of persecution the fires on Christian altars have burned more brightly and the convictions of Christians have been even stronger. It was in one of England's darkest hours that William Cowper wrote his great hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." You may recall the stanza:

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

—Edward Hughes Pruden, First Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

God's Healing Power

A few years ago when a giant sequoia in California was cut down, scientists made a detailed examination, determining the age and history of the tree. They then published this interesting statement: "This sequoia was a seedling in 271 B.C. Just 516 years later, in 245 A.D., it was severely damaged by a forest fire. Nature immediately set to work to repair the damage, and began to fold successive layers of living tissue over the gigantic scar left by the flames. This effort continued for more than a century. By 350 A.D. the wounds had been completely healed. In later centuries two other fires damaged the tree badly. But when the tree was finally cut down, the scar left by the first of these fires had been completely obliterated, and the scar left by the second was in process of being covered. That last scar was a gigantic wound 18 feet wide and 30 feet high, but had nature been given a chance, even that wound would have been entirely healed." Nature's God heals not only trees but his laws of healing are at work in human life. The scars of even this conflagration of war are not beyond his power of healing. We must learn to cooperate with his laws, which are for the healing of the nations.—*Bruce Hadley, First Friends Meeting, Richmond, Indiana.*

The Pendulum Of Truth

The huge cathedral of St. Isaac's, Leningrad, took ninety years to build. It had five domes, and the communists have turned it into an anti-God museum. Communist guides before the present war took visitors through and tried to show them the falsity of the religion of which it was a shrine. One demonstration they used was to swing the brass ball which they had hung from a long wire under one of the domes. If the earth was really the center of the universe as the priests taught, they would say, the pendulum would swing in a straight line. Instead it returns each time to a slightly different place, swinging out and around. This world is not the center of the universe. So, said the guides, when the priests said that the sky was a dome over our heads, with God above that dome caring for men, they lied. So also, continued the guides, when they said justice could never come on earth and that the poor must be content, they lied. One does not need to be a communist to ask himself the question: When tomorrow the pendulum of truth swings down the aisles of our churches, what will they say? Will they say that we lied? Do the words of Jeremiah, that pendulum of God's truth, apply to us—"Will ye steal and murder and walk after other gods and come and stand before God in this his house and say, 'We are delivered?'"—*Bruce B. Maguire, Mt. Auburn Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Too Much Fair Weather

A sailor on one of the wooden ships built on the Pacific coast in the last war related this story: "Our ship was a thrilling sight as it left a west coast port with all sails set. It was built of the finest timber of the western forests. We came into the northeast trade winds and for twenty-eight days we sailed on one tack. The sun was upon our left and voyaging was very pleasant for those four weeks with never a change of sail. Then we had to change direction. On the other tack the ship began immediately to leak like a sieve. The sun beating on the high side had opened the seams as it dried the improperly seasoned wood. We had to ship sails and send men overside, caulking the seams to make our craft seaworthy. Much fair weather and poor seasoning had unfitted her for changing winds and storms." — *Hugh McLeod, First United Church, Victoria, B. C.*

Fightin' Corners Now Is 'Friendship'

In *Body, Boots and Britches* by Harold W. Thompson (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) the following story is related: In western New York state a friendly, pleasant little village nestles among the hills. It was settled in the first part of the 19th century by people from New England and the eastern part of the state. Unfortunately, before a name could be chosen for the new hamlet a quarrel of some intensity broke out among the settlers and all through that section of the state the settlement was known as "Fightin' Corners." There came a time when the village fathers determined that a more appropriate name should be chosen. At the suggestion of a Quakeress, Fightin' Corners became the village of Friendship, a name still retained today. God hasten the day when all the world's Fightin' Corners will be truly turned into places of friendship!—*Clair E. Carpenter, Community Church, Chestertown, N. Y.*

Who Owns the Rock?

A few years ago when I was a student missionary in Labrador, the resident doctor and I were asked to adjudicate ownership of a large rock near tidewater. Codfish are cured on the rocks and this rock was close to a certain man's line. Years before there had been a survey and allocation of land. So we sent for blueprints from Quebec. These definitely showed the rock to lie on one side of a certain line. But we had to get our bearings to prove it. Where was the central point from which the original survey had been made? Searching for some days, we tore up the matlike grass which creeps over the Labrador rocks. Finally we found in the rock a brass spigot bearing the true north. From that it was easy for us with the compass to run the lines and establish the right claim to the rock. The first task was to get back to center for the right start. The second was to persuade the families concerned to accept the truth. Today we must find in Christ the true bearing. But that is only the beginning. To get sinning humanity to accept the truth and to order its life by it is still the high task of Christian evangelism.—*Arthur Organ (under Call to Trinity United Church, Bloor Street, Toronto).*

25 Cents a Copy Entered as second-class matter October 14, 1929, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. **Two Dollars a Year**

The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

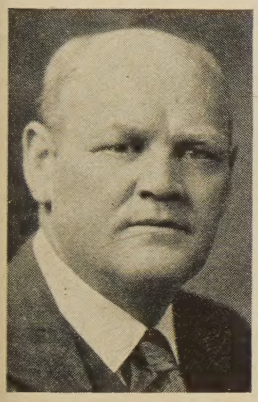
VOLUME XIII | CHICAGO, JUNE, 1942 | NUMBER 6

The Look Ahead

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

I count not myself to have attained. I press on toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of Christ Jesus. Philippians 3:14.

DOWN in Washington, D. C., outside the Hall of Archives there is a bronze statue of a young girl sitting on a chair leafing through a book. She has almost reached the end of that book and is turning the last page. It is an interesting statue, but the inscription beneath is even more interesting than the statue itself. That dramatic inscription reads: "All that is past is prologue."



Harold C. Case, pastor of the Elm Park Methodist Church in Scranton, Pennsylvania, says: "In such an hour as this the church has its responsibility. High religion is charged with the obligation of reminding people that 'the things which matter most are not at the mercy of the things which matter least.' These dangerous days are *not* the final moments in civilization. The sky has *not* fallen! The world has not come to an end! There *will* be a tomorrow!"

And when Dr. Case says that, he is blowing a bugle blast which every preacher in this nation ought to be repeating in one form or another. There has never been a time such as this when we, the church, ought to be reminding the world that the end of civilization has not come. On the contrary, it is our task to remind the world that God is still in his heaven even if all is not right with the world.

ALWAYS THERE ARE CRISES!

These are dark and bewildering days, it is true, but this nation has seen days which have been just as dark and even more bewildering and we have survived them to go on to greater glories. We speak so often of the "present crisis." They also spoke of the "present crisis" in the days of the Revolution. Read *Oliver Wiswell* by Kenneth Roberts. It is a book which represents in fiction form the viewpoint of the tory of that day who looked upon our patriots as so much rabble from the other side of the tracks; a band of ruffians and tramps that had no right to win but did win. Hear Oliver talking to Sally when he says:

"I don't know what Providence is, Sally, but whatever it is it must be wiser than we are. Perhaps that's why the impossible happened, Sally, why that rabble which drove us from our homes were incapable of winning but did win! Perhaps something great will come even to that rabble some day, as well as to us!"

Yes, there was certainly a period in the midst of our great American Revolution when a good many people felt that the end of this young nation had come; but even in that dark hour men like George Washington had the spirit of my theme in their hearts: "All that is past is prologue!" "We count not ourselves to have attained!" "We press on!" "We go on from here!"

So it was in the midst of the Civil War. A few months following the second inaugural of Lincoln he was in despair. Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois—all normal Republican states had gone against him. In Springfield, his own home town, out of twenty-two ministers, only two voted for him. He felt as if the nation had repudiated him; the skies had turned to brass; the people had gone against him; and God had deserted him. In the midst of this dark hour there was a caucus of his own party which demanded his resignation. He himself was about to grant them the request, for he was at the end of his rope. He felt that the nation no longer was willing to follow his leadership. He was well nigh desperate. But he asked the committee from the caucus to give him twenty-four hours to think it over. When he dismissed them, he went into seclusion for meditation, prayer and guidance from the God whom he trusted to lead him.

WHEN GOD HEARD LINCOLN'S PRAYER

We have a right to assume that in those intervening twenty-four hours Lincoln prayed and that he prayed desperately for help. He prayed in the spirit in which he prayed during and before the battle of Gettysburg. One day he went into a hospital and a general asked him if during the battle he was not afraid.

"No!" answered Lincoln, "I was afraid for a while, General, but I soon got over that. Everybody about me was afraid and they wanted us to move the government away from Washington, but I knew that it would be all right."

"Why were you not afraid?" asked the general.

Lincoln was silent for a moment and then replied: "Why, General, I went to my room and got down on my knees and prayed that God would save the Republic. I asked God to give me Gettysburg. I asked God to save Gettysburg for the nation. I asked him to give me Gettysburg and, General, God said to me: 'I will give you Gettysburg, Abraham, don't worry about it. Just trust in me; I will give you Gettysburg, and freedom for generations yet to be!"

It must have been in that same mood that Lincoln went to his room and to his knees that dark discouraging day when the Republican caucus asked him to resign, for twenty-four hours later when the committee

came to get his decision he didn't even wait for them to get into his office. He went out to meet them with a new light in his somber eyes, a new ring in his voice, a new lift to his usually stooped shoulders, and said to them: "You men go back and tell that Republican caucus that I know more about this situation than all of them put together and that I'm master now!" And back they went.

Then came the tragic death of Lincoln. At 7:22 a.m. by the clock in the little room across from Ford's Theater in Washington, a small group of relatives, friends and officials surrounding his bedside heard the doctor on that spring morning pronounce the great Lincoln dead. Then it was that Stanton arose and spoke those immortal words, "Now he belongs to the ages!"

Yes, when Lincoln died he just began to live. All that was past in Lincoln's life up to that time was but prologue. All that had gone before in the life of this nation we now know to have been but prologue. The Lincoln tradition has been growing in popularity and in power from that day to this. It has been sweeping onward like a great avalanche. Lincoln and this nation just began to live on that morning at 7:22 when Lincoln died. "Now he belongs to the ages!"

AMERICA'S PLIGHT TODAY

Then we too came to our contemporary crisis which shook this nation from bow to stern like a great submarine torpedo—the war crisis: Pearl Harbor, the Japanese treachery in Washington, the attack on Manila, Singapore, Java, the sinking of the Normandie in a New York dock, the submarine attack on the Atlantic coast. Defeat and disaster came to our cause around the world, with little save the advance of Russian armies to give hope to American hearts. Then came rationing of gasoline, sugar, the tire crisis and automobile shortage. It was all overwhelming and oppressive. Certain types of citizens who are easily frightened forgot that in both our Revolutionary and Civil Wars defeat followed defeat in close succession. Up to Yorktown all had gone badly with our Revolutionary armies. Up to Gettysburg all had gone badly in our Civil War days. Then the tides turned in each war and victory came on with swift sweep. But victory would never have come in either war if there had not been a good many leaders, citizens and soldiers who had in their brave hearts the spirit of this thought: "All that is past is prologue. We go on from here!"

So shall it be today in the crisis that is upon us in this present conflict. The beginning has been bad. We have suffered defeat after defeat. It may seem to some timid souls who do not know their history and who do not know the American spirit that this is the end of this nation; that the allied forces of Germany and Japan are invincible, are overwhelming; that the end of our cause has come. But, thank God, there is still alive in the American spirit something which says to its soul: "All that is past is prologue! We go on from here. We count not ourselves to have attained; we press on!"

Now that I have illustrated this principle through three great crises of our American history, I want to illustrate it through three great personalities: Joan of Arc, Woodrow Wilson and John Brown.

When Joan of Arc was burned at the stake, after it was all over the executioner went to the Earl of Warwick and said: "You have ordered me to burn the girl of Orleans. I did as I was told. Her heart would not burn. What was left of her ashes we have thrown into the river. Sir, my Lord, you have heard the last of her!" And the Earl of Warwick replied: "Heard the last of her? I wonder? I wonder?"

And the Earl of Warwick was right, for when they burned Joan of Arc and threw her ashes and her heart into the river, she just began to live. All that was past in Joan of Arc's life was but prologue.

Woodrow Wilson enunciated the political dream of a Federation of Mankind, thus fulfilling the prophecy of poets and prophets of all time. He put his dream into political expression, a dream we called the League of Nations. America was so blind that she could not see it and turned it down because a small group of jealous politicians had fought America's entry into that League.

But even in the midst of his last illness, Woodrow Wilson did not despair. When Ray Stannard Baker went to see him in Washington and Baker himself spoke pessimistically of the future of the League of Nations, Woodrow Wilson, even then a broken man, half arose on one elbow on his bed and said: "Don't worry, Baker! They can't stop God!"

Woodrow Wilson was right: "They can't stop God!" And so are those of us right who have the insight to say today that when Woodrow Wilson died years ago it was then that Woodrow Wilson and that dream just began to live. All that is past is but prologue. We count not ourselves to have attained; we press on.

HIS SOUL GOES MARCHING ON

And now I call the roll and hear the lusty shout of a third great personality, John Brown, who just began to live when he died.

One day during the period when the Chinese Exclusion Act was in force in California—when feeling against all Orientals was running high and hard into mob violence—this scene was enacted: Two old men, tall, stately, with long white hair and long gray beards, drove into the Chinese section of Los Angeles in an old buckboard, hired two Chinese coolies to work in their garden in Pasadena, put them in the back of the buckboard, and started on their drive back to Pasadena. One old man sat grimly driving the horse. The other old man sat even a bit more grimly on the front seat with a shotgun across his knees and his fingers on the trigger. His chin was set like a vise.

In a few minutes the inflaming news spread that the two old men had hired two Chinese and were driving them through the city. A mob quickly gathered and followed the four, menacingly throwing fruit and stones at them. The two old men drove on with grim earnestness as if they did not see the menace in that mob of mad men. Finally the crowd grew to a thousand infuriated citizens. They began to yell for a

lynching. In a few seconds men appeared with four ropes. Then they stopped the horse through sheer numbers, and the men with ropes began to climb up the wheels of the buckboard. Then a man in clerical garb jumped up on the buggy with the two old men and yelled: "Stop! Just a minute, please! I don't think that you would harm these two old men if you knew who they are."

"Who are they?" a hundred voices yelled with snarls in their tones.

"Why, these gray-haired men are the sons of old John Brown."

A sudden silence fell over the crowd. Then far on the outskirts of that crowd somebody started to sing: "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in his grave, but his soul goes marching on!"

Others took up that popular song until the whole crowd was singing it. Then that crowd spontaneously formed a parade in front of that buckboard and escorted those two old men and the Chinese coolies out of the city of Los Angeles on their way to Pasadena.

No, John Brown did not die when they hanged him at Harper's Ferry. He just began to live. All that was past in his life was but prologue. And if you don't believe it, here is contemporary proof of that fact:

During the past year a great motion picture has come from Hollywood. They misnamed it "Santa Fe Trail." But those of us who saw it know that it was proof that the spirit of old John Brown still lives in a great motion picture of this day, for John Brown, played by Raymond Massey, was the still living hero of that picture.

John Brown did not die when they hanged him at Harper's Ferry. That execution was only the beginning of John Brown's life.

ON A CROSS OF LIGHT

So it was with another Immortal. Once on a somber late evening in a far-away land of long ago a man died on a cross. There was darkness on the face of the earth, and some said they felt an earthquake rumble through the land. Others talked of the temple veil being rent in twain. But we know from the record that there was darkness over the face of the earth, and that a lonely, stricken, dying man gave a great cry to the dull sky and died there in abject humility.

I can hear the Roman guard reporting to the governor of Judea. Perhaps it was the centurion himself who said: "Sir, we have crucified him as you ordered. You have heard the last of that man." And if Pilate or perhaps Pilate's wife was present when that report was made to the Judean governor, I can hear one of them if not both of them saying: "Heard the last of him? I wonder?"

No, they did not hear the last of Christ from the cross of a criminal. Jesus the Christ only began to live when he died on his cross. Well might it have been said in the words of my theme today, "All that is past is prologue in that man's life."

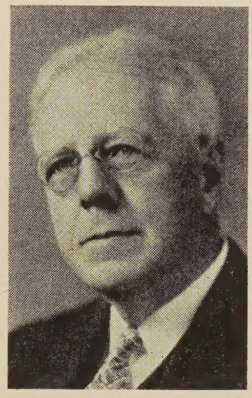
"I count not myself to have attained. I press on toward the mark of the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

The Eternal Voice Speaks

By Charles F. Wishart

Now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great shepherd of the sheep with the blood of an eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do his will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen. Hebrews 13:20, 21.

I TRANSMIT to you, in these words, a solemn voice from an unknown speaker. New Testament scholars have long since abandoned the thought that he was the Apostle Paul. They have now no faintest idea as to who this saint and mystic may have been. He seems to be strangely fascinated by the story of an Old Testament king, Melchizedek, a curious mythical figure who flashes on the scene and then fades out, without predecessor or successor, a weird, uncanny yet kingly personality emerging from the mists and then swallowed up by them. Perhaps this anonymous Christian of the early church sensed a mystic affinity between Melchizedek and himself. For the latter figure, like the former, emerges from the shadows, and then is swallowed up in them again, leaving his message as his only monument. Like Moses of old, no man knoweth of his sepulcher to this day.



But if his entire message had been lost except these two verses, he would have deserved immortality. For here is a compendium of Christian theology. One might dissect out of it all the great doctrines of our faith. But what a tragic pity that would be! For here is music, clear-toned, like the sweet notes of a silver trumpet. It would be worth while for anyone to master the Greek tongue if only to catch the sonorous rhythm of the original. Even in the English there is majesty like the roll of the sea, or morning sunlight on a mountain summit.

I went to the commentaries about these words, and came away saddened. For they do dissect them. Limb from limb, artery by artery, nerve by nerve, the dry-as-dust commentators tear this fabric apart to build up a structure of logical but dreary dogma. They do bloody violence to the sweep, the warmth, the corporate impact of this profound valediction. One is reminded of the words which Marcellus speaks about the ghost of Hamlet's father:

> 'Tis gone!
> We do it wrong, being so majestical,
> To offer it the show of violence.

No, no! Let the voice speak. There has been plenty of argument in this book. But here he does not argue.

He announces. This is not proof but proclamation. And we seem to catch the echo of a greater voice saying, "If any man hath ears to hear, let him hear." Listen, then, not to any man, but to an age-long message. The Eternal Voice speaks.

I

First he announces the God of Peace. Evil men lift their bloody hands against him. Devils and demons damned may rage and curse and blaspheme the Most High. Outwardly there was no more peace at the time this voice spoke than there is in this unhappy hour. But still he dared to declare his faith in the God of Peace. The wildest ocean storms are, after all, only surface affairs. The sea level may be lashed into demoniac breakers harried into wild billows by shrieking tempests. But fathoms down, in that mysterious underworld of the deep, the placid waters lie still, calm and untroubled from year to year, and even from century to century. At the brooding heart of the stormy sea is a perfect peace.

So, on the surface of affairs, the nations rage and the people imagine a vain thing. But the brooding heart of the Infinite is eternally a heart of peace. Not the peace of indifference. But the peace of him who counts the hairs of our heads and marks the sparrow's fall; who sees the end from the beginning, and who guarantees to us that, in the end, nothing shall walk with aimless feet, and that, somehow, good shall yet be the final goal of ill.

I remember how that great master of Christian philosophy, Borden T. Bowne, used to argue about the existence of God from the fact of unity and interaction in the universe. He found the cosmos to be made up of constantly interacting and interpenetrating factors, and he declared: "The interaction of the many is possible only through the unity of an all-embracing One who either co-ordinates and mediates their interaction or of which they are, in some sense, phases or modifications." I have always thought his argument a sound one and, if it is, then the ultimate goal is to bring about a time when nations and individuals interact and cooperate with the same unity and uniformity which we see in the physical universe. Every move, therefore, toward intelligent co-operation between individuals in a community, between the parts of a state, and between the nations, is of God and is moving toward him. Every move toward disunity is of the devil. Co-operation means life, and defiant, selfish individualism means suicide. Suicide, in the long run, whether you think of men, communities or nations. The stars in their courses fight against it. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Most High shall hold them in derision. For, from eternity to eternity, he is the God of Peace.

II

Immanuel Kant declared that the word "ought" "sphered out" into immortality. In other words, that our instinctive sense of duty had to have more elbow room than could be found for it in this life. The same is true, I think, of the word "peace." There is not elbow room enough for that word, if you are thinking only of the present life. It is almost a mockery to talk about God as a God of Peace in this war-torn world, if this world were the only one with which our thinking deals. But this little bank and shoal of time is entirely too small for the message which comes to us from the Eternal Voice. He carries us, with a majestic sweep, out into the long range of the eternities. The corollary of God as a God of Peace is an eternal life in which to consummate his plans. The English scientist Dunne, in his recent book on *The New Immortality,* declares bluntly that the world is sick today because, under the impact of the now outworn materialism and naturalism of the last century, so many thinking men lost their faith in immortality. He speaks scornfully of those materialists who "had taken it for granted that a creature with only one fleeting life to lose would regard this as too precious to be risked in any conflict, so that the triumph of materialism would herald universal peace. But man has taken a different line. He is sensible enough to realize that a life which is to be poisoned at every instance by the knowledge that it is a mere scurrying to extinction, is a life which cannot be worth anyone's preserving. He is consistent enough to perceive that the termination of all human existence in a general holocaust would be a happening of no great moment."

In other words, up to that time most men had taken it for granted that life was the master of death. And indeed, when you look about you, nature seems to teach that lesson. "It is not the bulb that squeezes out the life of the lily. It is the life of the lily that rends the bulb and leaves it in the ground to rot." It is not the chrysalis which forces out the butterfly, but the butterfly which sloughs off the chrysalis. It is the life of the little chick that breaks the shell, not the shell which expels that life. Biologically, death is always serving the purposes of life. The body keeps constantly dying, constantly sloughing off the used up and burnt out tissue, so that the inner flame of energy may go on. So men thought that life was the master of death, and nobody minded admitting that it was a disappointing thing full of frustrations and disillusionments, because they thought of it as only a prelude to the larger life that lay beyond.

Then came the materialists of the last century who reversed the formula, taught us to think of death as the master of life, blotted out the vision of a hereafter where men might attain the vision of the God of Peace. The world is sick because, without that vision, the people perish. Says Lowes Dickinson: "Unless we believe that there is more significance in individual lives than appears upon the surface, that there is a destiny reserved for them more august than any to which they can attain in their life of three score years and ten, modern optimism in my opinion is doomed."

The outcome of materialism was rage at the futility of the universe, anger which could find no sentient object, and the result was sadistic cruelty and a definitely malicious contempt for all human life.

Wordsworth declared that on such a basis there could be no such thing as repose or joy. Says Malinowski: "Nothing really matters except the answer to

the burning question: Am I going to live or shall I vanish as a bubble; what is the aim and issue of this strife and suffering?" Sully, the French poet, said: "If men are to abandon all hope of a future life, the loss in point of cheering and sustaining influence will be a vast one, and one not to be made good, as far as I can see, by any idea of service to collective humanity." And Goethe summed it all up: "That man is dead, even in this life, who has no belief in another."

Give heed, now, to the majestic proclamation of the Eternal Voice: "The God of Peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ." Listen well to this solemn proclamation of the life eternal as evidenced for us by the victory of Jesus over death and the grave. Cherish it in your heart of hearts, you men and women across the sea, bloody and bowed, cowering under brutality, facing unspeakable tragedy and horror! There is something better ahead. Catch the beautiful significance of that vision which John had, John who knew what brutality, injustice and suffering meant:

> I saw underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a great voice, saying, How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And there was given them to each one a white robe; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little time.

Yea, rest until their time should be fulfilled and the day of their redemption draws near. Said quaint Martin Luther: "If thou hast a sorrow beyond healing, God will give thee a sweet physical herb called *patientia* that will sustain thee." God, give us the healing faith of that divine remedy in this hour of tragedy and sorrow!

III

But what possible basis have we for this patience and faith? Once more the Eternal Voice proclaims a guarantee of eternal love. He brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of an eternal covenant. Back of our confidence in ultimate peace and in eternal life rests the guarantee of eternal love. A Shepherd whose lifeblood is eternally pledged to our salvation from sin and death! That there is an ultimate purpose of love, fixed at the heart of the universe, seemed very clear to Jesus because, as he reasons, the source from which we come must be even higher and better than the highest and best which we find in ourselves. And we must judge the ultimate purpose of the universe not by our lowest and worst but by our best and highest. We dare not let ourselves forget that, if there is hell on earth right now, there is heaven, too. Love is heaven and hate is hell. We know that now as never before.

Grant that there are men who have degenerated into worse than beasts. There are still thousands—yes, millions—of men and women, humble and kindly and unselfish, serving and loving other men and striving toward a better world for all. There are still seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal. So long as they remain, the argument of Jesus still holds good. The ultimate purpose of the universe is to be judged, not in the light of the present insanity, not by human slumps down to the beast, but by the capacity which still remains to move up from higher to higher, to let the ape and tiger die, and to be as the angels in heaven.

IV

As we may thus rest back upon a God of Peace, a God of Eternal Life and of Eternal Love, we may look forward with unextinguishable hope toward better things ahead. He is yet to make you "perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight." Perfect in *every* good work! Not narrow specialization, with a keen razor-edge, but rounded and balanced personality, the fullness of the stature of perfect men and women in Christ Jesus. This goal of perfection is one which we may never reach, but for which we may never cease to strive. You remember how, in Tennyson's picture, the old sage said to young Gareth, as he entered through the gateway into King Arthur's City of Camelot:

> So thou pass
> Beneath this archway, then wilt thou become
> A thrall to his enchantments, for the King
> Will bind thee by such vows, as is a shame
> A man should not be bound by, yet the which
> No man can keep; but, so thou dread to swear,
> Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide
> Without, among the cattle of the field.
> For an ye heard a music, like enow
> They are building still, seeing the city is built
> To music, therefore never built at all,
> And therefore built for ever.

Mathematicians tell us of a curve which continually approaches but never reaches a straight line. So, perhaps, is our ceaseless striving at that ultimate goal yet, if we did cease to strive, we would cease to live. Surely if any man were justified in giving up hope, it would be Dr. Benes, deposed President of Czechoslovakia. Yet he said: "Man, as long as he is alive, must never give up optimistic idealism. He must never, even if he sees the real situation in rather dark colors, cease to hope for better times, and he must, most of all, never cease to work for them, never cease to struggle for them, and never be discouraged on his way by any ill success. An ideal life and world cannot, after all, be created on this earth. One can only fight for an ideal. Only a constant, idealistic, unrelenting struggle for the ideal is capable of exciting among men their noblest feelings, efforts and deeds."

When I read those words of Dr. Benes, who has suffered more than any or all of us, I thought of our own favored country. Should we give up hope? We are only hopeless as we become godless. Our supreme danger is not so much through invasion from without as through the loss of our liberties in preparing to defend them. We might become fascists in order to fight fascism. For there are those in America who would make use of military necessity in order to set back the clock of progress in social legislation, and to clamp down, once more, on the gains which have been made

in securing the rights of the common man. The way to combat the so-called fifth column is not by concentration camps, but by making our democracy work with such fairness and equity to all, with such safeguarding of the under dog against the predatory onslaughts of powerful and unscrupulous taskmasters that Americans, high and low, rich and poor, will turn a deaf ear to propaganda from abroad. Above all, we should set our faces against those self-styled patriots of the phony variety who, under the guise of 100 per cent Americanism, would stir up bitterness, hatred, and strife between race and race, religion and religion, or class and class.

The God of Peace is the God of unity, of co-operation, of interaction, of mutual tolerance, of complementing aims and activities. Kant used to say that an organism was characterized by what he called "mutually reciprocating means and ends." Every part of an organism, like the human body, works for the others and is in turn served by them. Build America into such an organism, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against her.

And all of this leads me to say that the present crisis might be an ultimate blessing if it drove us back to our knees before God. Abraham Lincoln said that he was driven to his knees by the overwhelming consciousness that he had nowhere else to go. Perhaps that is not the highest motive in the world. But sometimes, when everything else fails, God may use that to bring us back to him. Outside of that, there is no help even in our justly boasted scientific attainments or our wealth of scholarship. America has little use today for highly specialized savants who rule God out because they cannot measure him by a test tube. These men remind me of Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok, that very fast-running herald, who came to King David after the great battle which witnessed the death of Absalom. Ahimaaz was a very skilled runner, but when he got to David he had no message to give him. The king said, impatiently, " 'Turn aside, and stand here.' And he turned aside, and stood still."

Something like that, in this time of storm, are those obfuscated scholars. They have gone so far into the ranges of nebulous speculation that they would leave us without God and without hope in the world. To them, America would give King David's impatient response, "Turn aside and stand here." And all they can do is to pass over to the sideline and to keep entire silence.

God may be known—and is known—by the man on the street. I said at the beginning that this Eternal Voice did not argue or present proofs. The final appeal is to God who "works in us to will and to do of his good pleasure." What the freezing reason's colder part may miss, millions of plain men and women gladly experience in their own hearts.

A recent writer has said: "When I am, myself, in doubt among the philosophers, I turn to the consensus of human opinion, to the belief of the plain man, that strange, indefinable being, on the surface ridiculous, in the depths profound. You remember the curious and interesting Old Testament story of Balaam, a man of great reputation in his day, so great that the king of Moab sent for him in extremity. And he saddled his ass and went to meet Balak, king of Moab. And the Lord sent an angel to prevent him, and the angel stood across his path. And Balaam, though a man of high intelligence, did not see the angel of the Lord, but the ass saw him."

Perhaps the comparison may not be flattering. But some of this writer's contention is in the words of Jesus: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

God is trying to speak to me and I am trying to hear.
Away with the gold that is won by death
Of mind and body. (O Nazareth!
O living, breathing tear!)

Away, away with the realist's hand,
Away with the tyrants that slave the land,
For the heart must sing and the stars command.
(God is near).

And soothe and comfort the voice of pain,
Man's Eden must return again,
And the Christ that suffered must live and reign.
(God is near).

And hush and silence the battle's din—
And lift forever the mists of sin
That veil the wealth of the God within.
(God is near).

And strive, O strive to be brave and true;
The world is dying of me and you
And the deeds undone that we both might do!
(God is near).

Call to Youth

NOBLY our sires have striven
In their God-given day;
Faithfully have they followed
What light illumed their way.
Now, with new dreams, forgetting
Days that are past and dead,
God grant we may not falter
In the new tasks ahead.

War is a ghastly specter,
Thwarting our dream of peace;
Yet shall our ranks go forward
Seeking the world's release—
Freedom from greed and plunder,
Freedom from pride and hate.
God give us strength and wisdom
For the new tasks of state!

Love be the lore for our learning;
Justice and right, our cry;
God's Kingdom come! our slogan,
As the good days draw nigh.
Let no man shame our courage,
Let none despise our youth—
Making the old world over
After the ways of Truth.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

Life Can Be Made Over

By Milton M. McGorrill

Texts: Jeremiah 18:1-6; Hebrews 10:35-39.

WHILE waiting to make an address at an art gallery a few months ago I walked around looking at the various exhibits. In one room I came upon a young man seated on a bench. In front of him were two potter's wheels—the larger one below at the foot level and the smaller at the hand level, the two connected with a shaft—one of the ancient tools of handcraft. He was spinning the wheels and shaping the clay just as hundreds of generations of potters had done before him.

I realized that I was seeing almost precisely what the prophet Jeremiah saw as he strolled down to the potter's house. We perhaps cannot push the story of Jeremiah and the potter too far, but we can speculate a bit on what the prophet was thinking as he stood there. Israel had her problems, her destiny was in question, and this potter brought it all to Jeremiah's mind. Even as the clay in the hands of the potter, so is Israel in the hands of God. Was she being shaped by a power over which she had no control—hopeless in the hands of an iron fate? But as he mused the prophet saw something happen. An imperfection appeared in the clay—perhaps the pressure of the potter's fingers was improperly balanced. Whatever it was, the vessel was marred—fit perhaps only to be thrown away as material which no good workman would use. Was that Israel's fate? Was she a nation not fit to be anything but a failure?

FOES OF LIFE—FATALISM AND PESSIMISM

Then Jeremiah saw something else happen. The potter took the broken clay and removed that imperfection, shaped it again and placed it on the wheel. He gave the lower wheel a kick and the shaft started whirling, spinning the upper wheel. His delicate fingers shaped that clay again, and form which soon became beauty gradually emerged. There is the message for Israel. She is not a nation with no power of choice nor is she made of stuff too imperfect to deal with. She is the opportunity of God to make her over again.

Ah, Jeremiah, you have done well. You have laid hold on one of the deepest things life knows anything about. We shall phrase it in our modern ways and with a new vocabulary, but the ancient truth still has its persuasive power—life can be made over.

These contrasts in this story are true to life. Preachers often split life into the material and the spiritual as if we were living by one and ought to live by the other. But our life is both body and spirit and our task is to maintain a balanced relationship. The real enemies of man's best life are those old ones that I have suggested —fatalism and pessimism. The creative life in God must face these enemies and conquer them.

FATALISM BASED ON A HALF-TRUTH

For, first, fatalism denies validity to human choice. It makes no difference what we do—so goes the claim. The issue is not in our hands anyway. Forces over which we have no control determine our destiny. This appears and reappears. It emerges as palm reading or astrology at one time, and as dialectic materialism or Calvinistic theology at another. The range of intelligence seems to have no influence upon its acceptance, for it appears in high and low intellectual circles. There is just enough truth in the idea for it to pass as the whole truth. Sure, we did not choose to be born as human beings rather than horses or dogs, nor even to be born at all. But what we do with that life, whether we see it in terms of possibilities, whether we make choices up or down the level—all that makes a difference. This is our chance to give the lie to fatalism—life can be made over.

In Morrison's fascinating book on the voyages of Christopher Columbus under the title *Admiral of the Ocean Sea,* the writer quotes from the Nuremberg Chronicle dated July 12, 1493: "Lest any reader feel an unjustified optimism, the Nuremberg chroniclers place 1493 in the sixth or penultimate Age of the World, and leave six blank pages on which to record the events from the date of printing to the Day of Judgment." Then begins a prophecy of the Seventh and Final Age. "Only the wicked will prosper, good men will fall into contempt and penury; there will be no faith, no law, no justice, no peace, no humanity, no shame, and no truth." "Conditions [will] become so abominable that no man can lead the good life."

Such was the inevitable condition into which the serious thinkers of 1493 were asserting the world was coming. But before this was even published Columbus' ships were on the high seas with the news of a discovery that opened a new world not only of geography but eventually of human values. No—fatalism is a liar, human choice and human adventure issue in discovery. Life can be made over.

TRUE AND FALSE IN PESSIMISM

But pessimism—that other enemy of the creative life —passes around its dogmas and in our unguarded moments of weariness and shock almost convinces us. The stuff out of which man is made is rotten anyway—so we are told. How can anything of abiding value be fashioned from material so imperfect? The clay is spoiled from the start. Man is only an ape with a college education. Do not expect too much of him. Human nature cannot be changed.

Let us concede the truth that is there. Man has great power to do evil and he does do it. We liberals in religion must plead guilty, as we have been so often reminded, of having had a naive view of human nature and of underestimating the forces we had to deal with. But that is quite different from believing that man is hopeless. Never more than now do we need to assert that we are the opportunity of God to make life over.

Redemption is an old-fashioned word but it can be brought back, and must be. The life of the spirit can be a creative life, a life of sturdy beliefs and valiant endeavor; for the great doers are always the great believers.

TESTIMONY OF A REFORMED CYNIC

I have an excerpt from a letter written by a young man formerly an editorial writer but now in an army training camp in the south. I have known him for several years. He has been something of a cynic, as his sentences reveal. Of his camp experience he writes:

"But the compensating factor, from the very first, was the stimulation of meeting the masses—as I had snobbishly been terming them, unconsciously—and finding them so good. I tell you Lincoln and Jefferson, and the Man who lived a couple of thousand years ago, were right. There is only one hope for the world today and that lies in tearing off the fetters that thwart and bind the innate goodness of the average man. I have found sensitivity in a Brooklyn bartender, a Jersey truck driver, and a Broadway bookie that has amazed me. There is a considerateness and respect for the other fellow in the average man that I had never suspected until I came into contact with a large number of average men. And all this has lent conviction to my faith that democracy remains the most adequate theory of government, in that the possibilities to be realized under its system are limited only by the nature of mankind itself. That nature, I repeat, I am finding to be basically good."

Thus a youth, cynic once but now sure of the average man's basic goodness, believes that life can be made over out of such stuff as that.

After reading that letter we ask, Where did the Master obtain his material to work with? Not many high and not many mighty were called, but a crooked tax collector, a woman taken in sin, a group of unlettered fishermen who would never have been considered for the board of deacons. Yet Jesus made life over for them, and through them and those whom they influenced he changed life for the world.

A FAITH FOR THE FUTURE

It is with such a faith that we must enter the uncertainties of our new life—repudiating the belief that the cards are stacked against us and the dice loaded against man's best possibilities, and also refusing the view that the stuff being dealt with is too rotten for use—but rather with our hearts and minds facing the most titanic struggle of all human history in the sure faith that life can be made over again. We live in a creative universe and setting our minds upon that truth we find we are working with God himself.

We see immediately some applications of this trust, for the great broad problems of today have a way of becoming very personal in their effect. The call and demand of the age is for world-unity. For years we in America did not see that, even though when we so stoutly insisted we would have nothing to do with it we were already practicing an economic unity, as the rubber shortage and the tin scarcity now so eloquently tell us. Dictators saw the necessity for unity far sooner and far more clearly than we did. It is now a strange paradox that the ultimate goals of the opposing sides in this war are identical. The fight concerns how the goal is to be won and how administered after it is won—by unity achieved through freedom and cooperative understanding, or by force.

Our nation as a nation with other nations will have to be made over. Let no pessimism or fatalism again hold us back from having our share in the collective security of the world. We once thought the rest of the world was made of too rotten stuff for us to deal with. Politicians must be made to see—and we must make them see it—that politics must follow, not precede, the economic necessities of our world. No long-term pull of human effort can succeed without this faith and this vision.

In our internal economy as a nation we are beginning to see that our economic system must and can be transformed. Some of it has gone forever. The pessimists, like a friend of mine, say: "Once we were a great nation but now all is lost. We are all through, for the foundations are undermined." But this is not the final word of those who believe that life can be made over.

OUT OF THE NIGHT—A NEW FAITH

But in personal life how poignant as well as commanding is the necessity now to possess the faith that life can be made over. Security is gone. Anxiety is in every heart. The chain is broken, the anchor is gone, the sea is in fury. Careers of youth are interrupted—some gone entirely. Parents face they know not what. The faith that life can be made over is the only dynamic that creates the future.

The *Christian Century* reports the letter of a Christian Japanese, evacuated inland from the Pacific coast, as he tells a friend of his situation: "This is the time when I can get real experience of my life to see God through Jesus who give us light. My life was too soft one. I give everything back to God which I thought I had, and start to build a God's house on a rock within me. This is my hope. Be thankful and pray—these what I can do." He was believing that life could be made over.

I talked on the train with a young woman whose husband is an officer of the air corps now in Australia. I married them a few years ago. Said she: "I am spending two days in Chicago to change my thoughts. My thoughts bring too many imaginings." Life was being made over for her, but she was trying to control the pattern.

Many a man is facing destruction of his carefully built business. Students are taken from their education perhaps never to return. Scarcely a person will escape having his life situation affected. With what attitude shall he face the future of his own life—the attitude of pessimism or fatalism? These stifle and kill the soul. No, these will not do now, nor have they ever given man the undergirding for his life.

The answer lies somewhere else for the embattled men and women of our day. We go to the rich resources of the spirit. And lo, we find, not fatalism with

its impersonal authority nor pessimism with its fiendish grin of disdain, but a Hand that grasps ours and a Voice strong yet understanding to bring conviction to our troubled minds. For out of the life of the creative spirit comes the word of the Lord that life can be made over. And we are satisfied.

Examination Day Surprises

By Fred Eastman

Lord, when saw we thee hungry and fed thee? Matthew 25:37b.

STUDENTS, as a general rule, don't like examinations. They fear they will be surprised with some question whose answer they have forgotten—or possibly never learned. A common remark among seniors as they face their final examination is, "If I can just pass this one I'll never take another as long as I live." A surprise awaits them. Once they leave academic halls, every day is examination day. When Gracie Allen visited a fox farm she asked the manager, "How often do you skin the foxes?" And the manager replied, "Only once. To do it more often would make them nervous." Human beings are not so lucky. Nervous or not, it will be their lot in life to take their daily examinations.

Underwood & Underwood

Is this not our common experience, that our fellows are examining us daily in our work and in our play? Every meal the housewife cooks is an examination for her. Every building a contractor constructs is an examination book for him. Every case the lawyer tries, every sales effort the merchant makes, every letter a secretary writes, every edition an editor publishes, every sermon a minister preaches—all these are examinations by which our associates judge us for better or worse; and it's no good answering "Not prepared," for the man who is not prepared for the unexpected isn't prepared at all.

Moreover, we are daily examining others. We examine and pass judgment on motion picture actors, on radio programs, on politicians, on professors, on writers, on all sorts of working and professional people with whom we come in contact.

Jesus' Views on Judging

Jesus dealt with this matter in two ways. First, he warned his followers against being unfair in their examinations of others. "Judge not," he said, "lest ye be judged; for with what measure ye judge it shall be meted out to you again." The word he used, as recorded in the Gospels, was the word used to connote a snap judgment—a quick condemnation based on little or no understanding. He had often been the victim of that sort of snap judgment. By it he had been condemned at one time or another as a wine-bibber and a glutton, a blasphemer and a rabble rouser, a violator of the law and a corrupter of morals. It was that kind of examination and judgment the high priests and the Roman authorities gave him in the last week of his life—an examination conducted in an atmosphere of hysterical hatred before a political judge and with bribed witnesses. At the end of that examination he was hanging on a cross, a crown of thorns on his head, a spear thrust into his side.

Second, Jesus pictured the kind of examination God gives to man. In the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew he dramatizes it in his story of the final judgment. It will be an examination, he says, that will cause some surprises. The ones who think they are so smart are going to fail; and the humble ones who think they may not amount to much are going to come out on top. God will say to these humble ones: "Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

A Cure for Snap Judgments

And then these people who have been trying to live righteously in a quiet way without advertising it are going to be incredulous. They will think the Lord has made a mistake. "When saw we thee hungry, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and ministered unto thee?" they will ask. And he will answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." The others—who may have acquired more and won the plaudits of men—will flunk that examination because they have not ministered to the hungry and the sick and the overburdened.

The great difference between God's examination of men and our daily examinations is that God brings the standards of eternity over against our standards of the temporal. Our daily examinations are apt to give the rewards to the mighty, to the go-getters of politics and business and finance. God gives the reward to the men of peace and good will, to the teachable, the humble, the righteous.

These two teachings of Jesus might be put briefly thus: Beware of making snap judgments, and practice the judgments of love.

What a change—what a transformation—the application of these two precepts would make in our daily examinations of others! Suppose we should begin to apply them in our own homes. There is father. Not a bad sort, really, but something of a fossil. Not up-to-date in his thinking. Doesn't know anything of modern psychology. Doesn't understand youth and a young fellow's right to live his own life. Always talking about morals and a lot of Puritan principles that went out long ago. Possibly. But possibly, too, that is a snap judgment. Perhaps, if we took the trouble we would

find that father, though no saint, has suffered a good bit from life and learned something out of his suffering —something that he's only trying to pass on to us. Mark Twain once said of his father: "When I was sixteen my father was an ignoramus; but when I was twenty-one I was amazed to discover how much progress the old man had made."

IF WE ONLY KNEW!

Or take that fellow who works on the same job next to us. What a drip! Never has any fun. Keeps his nose to the grindstone. He'll probably get promoted—but deliver me from being like him! A snap judgment? Let's examine him a little closer. We find that he's bending every effort to put his young brother through school—that he has a lot of other burdens we never had to carry.

And how about the middle-aged woman who has been hanging around school this last year? Why on earth does she want to go to school at her age? And why does she spend time printing capital letters on sheets of paper? What's the sense of that? Examine further. We learn that she's the wife of a minister who is going blind. His congregation doesn't know it yet. If they find it out they'll be looking for a younger man. Meanwhile she's trying to fit herself for a job that will enable her to take over the breadwinning for the family. And those pages with the big letters? She's translating into large capitals the church notices so that he can read them from the pulpit next Sunday.

And so we might go on through all our daily personal associations. If we withheld snap judgments of them, if we made no judgment at all until we knew the essential facts—what suffering we would save them! For they know when they are misjudged, just as you and I do. And what deepened sense of appreciation they would show to us. Not all of them, of course, but enough to make an ever widening circle of friends.

THE JUDGMENT OF LOVE

But our Lord's second precept—Practice the judgment of love—takes us further. It is not enough to withhold a snap judgment. He bids us do the positive thing, to bring to our examination of our fellows something of the penetrating insight and love of God. Just as God seeks out the humble and the obscure for commendation and reward, so in our smaller spheres can we. We can seek out the unnoticed, unadvertised good to be found even in the most humble of persons.

There is a lovely little flower known as the fuscia. One sees it in English gardens everywhere about this time of year, even amid all the blackness and misery of war. I am told that these fuscias all came from a single plant brought to England by a sailor boy from some foreign country. He brought home to his mother that first fuscia. She planted it in her window box and the seeds of it in her garden. Other people admired it and she gave them seeds, and so the plant grew and spread its beauty throughout the island. Now that sailor boy would probably be very much surprised if anyone told him that he had done something of real help to the people of England. But if Jesus had been walking through those English lanes and admiring the fuscias, don't you suppose he might have hunted up that boy and said, "Ye blessed of my father, I was hungry for beauty and you brought it to me."

There is another field in which our daily examinations of others need the spirit of Jesus. It is in the field of conflict. We live much of our lives in that area. This individual on our left is in conflict with that individual on our right; this group in conflict with that group; this nation in conflict with that nation. As Christians we want to reconcile these conflicts, to bring the warring individuals and groups into sympathetic understanding of each other's problems. You and I may want to do this on a large scale; to reconcile capital and labor, Negro and white, and all the nations now in bloody combat, but we feel that some of these conflicts are beyond any wisdom of ours to solve. There are, however, conflicts closer to us which await our healing ministry.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

In his play, "Shadow and Substance," Paul Vincent Carroll presents a typical scene between a priest and a schoolmaster. They never could understand each other. They always clashed. The maid, Brigid, who took care of the priest's household, was usually caught between their clashes. She loved them both. She understood them both. One day the schoolmaster poured out upon her his reasons for hating the priest. Brigid defended her friends:

> Oh, I know you have the dagger for him because he can hurt and say killin' words. . . . *You* see him when he's proud, but I see him when he's prayin' in his little place and the tears on his cheeks; *you* see him when he dines but *I* see him when he fasts; *you* see him when his head is up and fiery like a lion, but *I* see his head when it's down low and his words won't come. . . . It's because of that, that *you* hate him and *I* love him. . . . St. Brigid says that if we could all see each other all the time in big hangin' mirrors, the whole hate of the world would turn into dust.

That's the sort of examination that brings to a human being something of the understanding and the mercy of God.

Mercy. That is not a popular word in wartime. But our Lord held that it was ever present in the judgments of God, and should be in the judgments of man. Mercy is not a sentimental thing; it is a positive healing force. It cleanses from wounded spirits the poisons of hatred. It brings peace to jangled nerves. It creates good will in human hearts.

And because mercy is such a positive healing and creative force our Lord commands us to use it not only in our examinations and judgments of our friends—but of our enemies as well. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor but hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies." Why should we love our enemies? That we may feel warm and good inside? Not at all. There's a divine wisdom in Jesus' command. For if we examine our enemy with understanding and mercy, we discover that he is not a vile brute, but a human being like ourselves, driven by

the same hungers, bedeviled by the same fears. If he seeks our life he may have to be restrained. But if we still love him while we restrain him, we bring to bear upon him the strongest force in heaven or earth, a force that ultimately penetrates his mind and heart with a redeeming power.

And then one day we meet the greatest surprise of all—we discover that he is our enemy no longer, but our brother.

Carrying Bones to Canaan

By Roy L. Smith

So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old, and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt. Genesis 50:23.

THE only place in all the Bible in which the words "embalm" and "coffin" appear is the last verse of the book of Genesis. The fact that they are used in connection with the story of Joseph is rather significant. Only the rich and noble were embalmed in ancient Egypt, and only those of the royal house were buried in coffins.

Allied News-Photo, N. Y.

King Tut was buried in four coffins. The first was a cedar casket, overlaid with gold, and the last was a granite coffin which weighs many tons.

As a boy I was greatly interested in the promise that Joseph exacted from his kinsmen—that they would carry his bones back to the Land of Promise with them when they returned. To my childish mind it seemed like a simple operation to carry a little bundle of bones across the desert. But the sight of King Tut's coffins set the picture in an altogether different light. If the Hebrews carried Joseph's mummy back to Canaan with them it must have required the best efforts of a considerable number of men!

But some things have to be carried out of the past into the future if there is to be any future worth having.

There has been a definite tendency in recent years to hold the past in contempt. So much progress has been made in mechanical sciences, so many discoveries have been made in the field of psychotherapy, and life has been geared to such terrific speed, that the modern man is very apt to believe that it really had its origin with him.

But the past has made some discoveries, and proved some truths, which the present cannot afford to discard or ignore. *Unless some things are carried from the past over into the future there will be no future worth having.*

I—THE SENSE OF INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY

One of those things upon which the past insisted was that every man must assume responsibility for his own life, his own happiness, his own salvation. But that wholesome ideal has almost passed in these later, and supposedly better, days.

Our generation is engaged in a feverish search for someone or something upon which to load the responsibilities of life.

All of life has been moving toward collectivism during the last quarter-century. Syndicated news, chain stores, radio chains, labor federations, government control of industry, federal credit machinery, standardized gadgets and college curricula all have had the effect of submerging the individual. The result has been that the individual has taken refuge in groups. He has joined labor unions and employers' associations for economic protection. He has accepted stencil-opinion and psychological-dogmatics and built his life upon the basis of popularly approved ideas.

The modern apartment house relieves the growing boy—and his father—of all responsibility for the care of the home. The modern school—perhaps in self-defense—has taken over many of the responsibilities once assumed by the old-fashioned home. Food merchants, socialized medicine, purveyors of various "services" have specialized in relieving the housewife of domestic "responsibilities."

The total result of this trend has been a certain resentment against all individual responsibility. No institution is popular which says, "Thou art the man!" And that is a basic in the message of the church.

The preacher who warns men against their sins is confronted with a certain type of psychologist who says: "You are not what you are because of any fault of your own. You were conditioned when you were a child."

The old-fashioned economist is faced by the modern "scholar" who says: "You are not to blame for your poverty. You are the victim of a system."

It is always much easier to convince a man that he is a *victim* than to bring him to confess that he is a *sinner*.

But there can be no salvation for this generation—and no hope even for a graduate of a modern college—until we are willing to assume a certain responsibility for our own lives.

There are some fundamental choices which every man must make for himself, and for which he must assume responsibility. There are some basic attitudes which make or unmake life for the individual, and the race, which each generation must choose. And the rewards or the consequences of those attitudes must be accepted as individual responsibilities.

No ideal is more precious to the average American than liberty—for the idea of liberty was fundamental in the doctrines of the early fathers of our nation—but liberty of choice involves the necessity of assuming responsibility. The more responsibility we are willing to assume, the more liberty we may enjoy.

Unless there can be a revival of the sense of individ-

ual responsibility, life will be reduced to the level of the robot.

II—RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY

The American people have the reputation of being the most lawless people on earth.

Our heritage of law-breaking is an ancient one. It began in colonial days when the colonists found it impossible to obey laws that had been written in Europe for the purpose of governing people who had to live under unknown conditions. In time it became a mark of distinction and an evidence of colonial "patriotism" to defy the demands of a king three thousand miles away. This spirit of independence finally broke the bonds which tied us to Europe, but it left a deposit of lawlessness in the life of America that has been extremely disastrous.

The upheaval that attended the First World War shook the moral standards of the American people. The experience of England, during the first years of the second World War, has been a warning that among children there is to be expected a serious breakdown of respect for law. Life has been torn up by the roots for millions of youth all over the world. Traditions, customs and even laws of the land, have been set aside for the convenience of the armed forces which were defending the land.

The system of rationing which has extended into the most intimate details of life incites to law-breaking. The mother who boasts across the breakfast table of some clever device by which she has outwitted the sugar regulations need not be surprised if her son, a few years later, boasts of the way he outwitted the law against thievery.

The next twenty-five years will inevitably see a vast increase in the laws and regulations which plain citizens must obey. It will call for a type of obedience to which the average American is entirely unaccustomed. But it must be achieved if organized society and American ideals are to survive.

One of the most pressing needs of the people of the United States is a revival of respect for authority.

III—REVIVAL OF REVERENCE

Our fathers built a great nation and founded great institutions while actuated by a profound sense of reverence. It began with a reverence for God.

There can never be a sincere respect for man which does not root down in a devout reverence for his Creator.

Hitler talks brazenly of his "new order in Europe." The Japanese use a vague phrase called "the co-prosperity sphere for Asia." President Roosevelt announces American devotion to the "four freedoms." Nehru and Gandhi parley about "independence" and "the rights of the Indians."

But any new world that is stable, and which makes room for an enduring peace, must be built upon a solid respect for man, as a divine creature springs from the will of a mighty Creator.

The day is passed when a man can "believe whatever he wishes so long as he is honest in that belief." Sincerity is not enough, even in religion. It must be linked to spiritual accuracy.

The individual who believes, for instance, that a man is a mere assemblage of glands, is apt to live like an animal, content to satisfy the promptings of his glandular system. But the individual who believes he was created "in the image of God" invests his life with a sanctity that lifts him above the brutes and makes him a companion for the Most High.

It is one of the facts that is fast emerging from this terrible conflict, that the Christian attitude of brotherhood is the only attitude that will work in such a world as ours. It is the only one that makes room for a permanent peace. It is the only one that provides any basis for satisfactory intercourse, social, industrial or political, between the races.

And the Christian attitude, or doctrine, of brotherhood rests squarely back on our concept of God. There can be no hope of any permanent world peace until the world has been restored to an attitude of reverence toward God as the Father of all mankind.

Our fathers believed with all their hearts in the fact of God. It was that belief which inspired them to found Christian colleges where Christian truths should be taught and where Christian attitudes should be cultivated. It was that devotion to God and respect for Christian principles that drove them to sacrifice for the establishment of Christian institutions. It was that deep-seated conviction of the eternal truth of the Christian gospel that enabled them to build a civilization, and develop a nation, worth defending.

It is the tragedy of these years which have followed the First World War that our cynicism has corroded away all reverence. Youth, made skeptical by the revelations of political manipulations and industrial callousness, has begun to distrust all of life. With a certain superficial bravado he sets out to seize whatever passing joy he may take, in the belief that anything he gets out of life is "just so much velvet."

In the classrooms he was taught that the peoples of all the world were fooled by their governments at the time of the first world conflict. He saw the propaganda machines taken to pieces and their insidious methods explained. Secret treaties came to light that gave the lie to dignified and ponderous pronouncements of great governments.

Without quite knowing how or why, modern youth has come to distrust the great truths of religion. They think of the Bible as a book of myths. They pass by the church with complacence. A surface reading of popular psychology has convinced them that prayer is only a process of mental adjustment.

But the past found prayer, the Bible and the church to be sources of enormous strength and help. And with the present in such desperate need of some sort of moral and spiritual anchorage, it will be the salvation of the future if we turn back to those ancient sources and drink from those inspired wells.

IV—IT IS A PERSONAL PROBLEM

In these days of collectivism, when so much of life is regimented, it will be of great advantage if we will

keep in mind the fact that the task of carrying bones back to Canaan is a personal responsibility.

The nation's respect for authority is composed of the sum total of the respect shown by the individuals who make up the nation. The strength of an institution like the church is the sum total of the loyalties of the people who make up its membership. The spirit of reverence by which a nation is made strong and permanent is a sum total of the reverence of all citizens.

The man who allows the spirit of reverence to die within his own soul, who becomes a law-breaker, who refuses to accept responsibility for the issues of his own life, becomes thereby a liability upon the nation's life, and a parasite upon the day in which he lives.

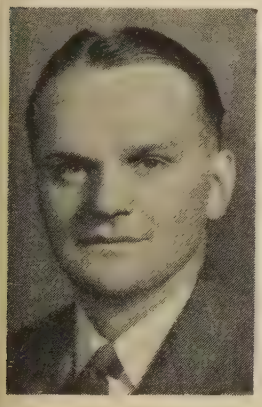
There is another text upon which we should proceed to preach the next sermon—"Lord, is it I?"

If—

A High School Commencement Address

By Fred E. Luchs

YOU can have almost anything or be almost anything in life you desire. Do you wish to be a civil engineer, mechanic or doctor? You can be. Do you wish to be an electrician, musician or business executive? Take your choice. Do you wish to be a nurse, secretary or teacher? You can attain any of these ends.



However, all that we say is conditioned by: the power of social determinism which sends some of you to bat with at least one strike on you; heredity which helps or hinders you; and Mother Luck who may envelop you cozily in the arms of circumstances—but doubt her promises since she is a fickle creature with no reputation for dependability. After these factors have been taken into consideration, you may be sure that life is like that—you can have almost anything you desire—if.

A PROMISING YOUTH OF PALESTINE

Time marches backward. We are now living in the first century A.D. in a town in Palestine. Let's look at the town's outstanding youth. Parents point him out to their erring youngsters as an ideal toward which they may strive. The children idolized him; his companions loved him; his elders respected him. Life favored him with a strong physique and a sharp intellect. Common sense parents gave him a good bringing-up. Gossip said that on the day he became twenty-one he would receive one-half of his father's business interests. Shall we say that he had everything which the world counts necessary? He thought he did—until one day he heard of a man who had the power to distribute a rare gift called Eternal Life. He had a vague conception of what it might be. He knew that all the Jews in the synagogue wanted it, and that those who possessed it had a radiance and joy which others seemed to lack. After thinking over the matter carefully, he came to the conclusion that he would never be happy until he possessed this rare gift.

Then one day he heard that the giver of Eternal Life had just come to town. Here was his opportunity! Off to the market place he hurried. The prized gift was his. With his financial resources and Eternal Life, all his wants would be forever satisfied. Now he was within sight of the market place, but all he could see were people, camels, donkeys—and more people, camels and donkeys. But with a push here and nudge there and one last thrust he found himself looking into the most piercing eyes he had ever seen. For a moment his body, mind and soul were held in sheer anticipation. Then as he came to himself he cried out with suppressed longing: "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit Eternal Life?"

NOTHING WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM

By that act the young man proved that he was on his way toward the goal of his desires. He had enthusiasm. If you have enthusiasm, doors closed to others will be opened to you. Pasteur had it. He refused all social engagements during certain periods of his life. Edison slept in his laboratory. The happy successful people in this world are those who have been enthusiastic about their work. Such a group of people includes among others: a young man and a young woman planning a home; Joe DiMaggio playing baseball; an aged woman raising flowers; a scientist searching for a disease germ; a sociologist striving to lift the lowest stratum of society. He who would reach the goal of his desires must have enthusiasm.

Do you desire a place in the world of music? Does the "Unfinished Symphony," the "Moonlight Sonata" or "Die Meistersinger" touch your soul? Are you enthusiastic about mastering Chopin, Rachmaninoff and Rubinstein?

Or do you receive a thrill as you watch a surgeon cut a fraction of an inch from a delicate and vital organ? Do you have a desire to share when you see a doctor bending over a sick-bed? Once you find this enthusiasm for healing in your soul you will know that you are on your way to an acknowledged place in the medical world.

Go with me to Rochester, Minnesota, where Dr. Will Mayo is beginning the practice of medicine. Watch him. Is he enthusiastic about his work? While other physicians are content with the daily round Will Mayo goes out to the slaughter-house on the outskirts of Rochester and there spends day after day practicing dissections on the eyes of slaughtered pigs and sheep in order that he may be more adept at operating on the eyes of man. And now travel with us to New York city, where still a young doctor he is observing in the noted Sands Clinic. What is he doing there? Let us look into his biography. "Day after day Dr. Will was on hand at one o'clock to secure a front center seat in the amphitheater, from which he watched the operations

with absorbed interest until the very end, sometimes until 6:30 or 7 in the evening, long after the other spectators had gone." Dr. Will Mayo became one of the world's greatest surgeons because he never lost his enthusiasm for his profession.

But enthusiasm is only the first step. Jesus looked at this privileged young man and then asked him a question: "You know the commandments, do you not?" And the youth answered, "Master, all these have I kept from my youth." By those words the young man proved that he had passed another milestone. He was prepared. He was prepared in two ways. In what he knew—the commandments; and in the way he had lived—he had lived the commandments.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PREPARATION

Some of you are prepared. Because you have mastered your Latin, you are one step nearer to being a physician; because you have mastered your mathematics you are one step nearer to being a banker or a business man; because you have mastered your English you are one step nearer to being a teacher; because you have mastered your chemistry you are one step nearer to being a scientific farmer.

To be prepared means not only mastering certain subjects. It means also mastering one's self. You may master textbooks galore but unless you have patience, self-control and self-knowledge, you will hardly succeed in your chosen profession. Can you live with yourself in spite of failure, criticism, disease, success?

Let us look at another character who was a great man because in spite of obstacles he could live with himself. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "I imagine nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in and day out; and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." And again: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. . . . I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

PAYING THE PRICE

You can achieve what you desire if you have enthusiasm and if you are prepared. Our young friend of the Gospels realized that he possessed these two factors. He felt that he was now within reach of the coveted goal—Eternal Life. But Scripture tells us: "Then Jesus beholding him loved him and said unto him, 'One thing thou lackest—sell all that thou hast, distribute it unto the poor, and come follow me.'"

The young man turned pale. He looked again into the eyes of the Master—now more piercing than before.

"No. You don't mean that I should give up all my money and follow you? You who do not know where to lay your head. You . . ." His head dropped. Some strange power pulled one foot, then the other and down the road he walked—into oblivion.

What a tragic situation! Here was a young man who had in mind something which he wanted more than anything else (or so he thought). He made an effort to get it. The first test he passed. The second test he passed. But when it came to the third test—he failed. He failed to pass the test which we must eventually pass if we wish to reach the goal of our desires—the willingness to pay the price.

History presents countless characters who attained only two-thirds of their desires because they were not willing to take the third step: that is, pay the price. Their records read: beginning, excellent; midway, excellent; finish, failure. I want to call up one of those people—Jim, my high school classmate. He wanted to go to college, he had enthusiasm for it; and as the school's outstanding student he was prepared. And so he went to college. During his freshman year he lived in the luxurious glory of a millionaire. In that year he spent as much as some students spend for four years of college. He demanded the best food, the finest tailored clothes, and the most elegant room in town. He was not willing to live within his income—and he came back home at the end of his freshman year never to return. He failed to pay the price in careful budgeting of his finances which a boy with a modest income must pay if he is to go to college.

GIVING ALL FOR THE KINGDOM

In contrast, look at these who paid the price. God wanted something. He paid the price. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life." Jesus had a message. He found he could not give it to the world unless he first faced the religious leaders of Jerusalem and the Roman government. He faced them and paid the price—death on a cross. A small group of people in the first century wanted to live Christ. To do so, they had to pay the price which meant facing the lions or crucifixion. The Gospel writer Matthew once told a story about a merchant who wanted some precious pearls. After intensive searching he "found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

Maybe the thing you want most in life is to go to college. If you are really in earnest about it—go. Although you may be an old man or woman when you get through you will have attained your desire. All you must do is—pay the price. That may mean wearing second-hand clothes while those back home are dressed in the latest. It may mean burning the midnight oil in an upper room while those boys and girls back home on the highway at the same time are burning the headlights on Dad's automobile. I know a college teacher of English who achieved her desire, but she had to spend sixteen years of her life to get through college.

Look at those young men and women blaming their failure on the social order, the family, or their teachers. Let them remember that Lincoln as a boy was ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed; that da Vinci was the

illegitimate son of a servant; that Beethoven's father was a shiftless drunkard; that Edison's teachers told him it was useless for him to continue school since he had no ability. And as for you, don't forget. Life is like that. You can be almost anything, or have almost anything in life you desire—if.

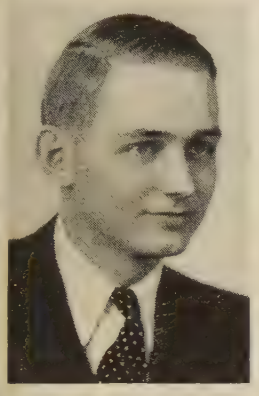
Lemuel Q. Lemming

A Sermon for Children

By Harold L. Lunger

IN THE MOVIES we often laugh at the antics of Mickey Mouse and the adventures of Donald Duck. Today in church let us see what we can learn from Lemuel Q. Lemming.

The lemming is a strange little animal, a little larger than a mouse and smaller than a rat. He wears a rich, yellowish brown fur with black markings over the shoulder and forehead. His head is short and round. He has small beady eyes. His ears are so tiny they are almost hidden by the fur. He has a short little tail. He lives in the high mountains of Norway and Sweden in frozen wastelands where few other animals can survive.



Ordinarily lemmings are never seen down in the valleys where men live. But every twenty or thirty years they become so numerous that there isn't enough food for them in the mountains. Then begins their strange migration.

Millions of them move like an army, across valleys, mountains, rivers and lakes, always in a straight line for the sea. We talk about a "bee line." But bees have nothing on the lemmings. For when they get started, nothing can stop them or make them turn aside. They march in lines about three feet apart and gnaw through hay and corn stacks rather than go around them.

ONWARD, EVER ONWARD

Farmers kill as many as they can. Buzzards, owls and hawks have a picnic. But still they come on, like a brown tidal wave, moving through everything in their path. Day after day they keep marching—on toward the sea.

When they reach the ocean's edge, one would expect them to stop. But no, they plunge into the water and swim and swim and swim. Not one turns back. They keep on, still in their "lemming line," onward, ever onward. Some of them have been picked up nearly a hundred miles from shore. But finally even the strongest are exhausted and drown. Not one of them returns. Not one of them reaches a destination—unless that destination is death!

The reason for this mass suicide has never been discovered. The animals leave the mountains because they have run out of food there. But why do they move in such a straight line, and then swim out to sea? One theory is that ages ago there was an ice bridge across the Baltic and North seas, or that there were islands which have since sunk beneath the water—islands on which their ancestors found food. But the generations have kept this memory, and instinctively make for the happy hunting ground of their forefathers.

LEMUEL Q. LEMMING—AND WE

Consider Lemuel Q. Lemming — how he moves straight toward his goal. Nothing will turn him back or side-track him: neither obstacles (mountains, river, lakes, a farmer with a pitchfork), nor temptations (ease, safety, or better food). He always keeps on in a lemming-line to the sea.

How different he is from many of us! We have no great ambition, purpose, or goal. We wander aimlessly through life, chasing butterflies here, there and yonder. Or, maybe we do start out with great enthusiasm after some honor at school, some musical or athletic skill, mastery of some trade or profession, development of noble character, or the doing of a good turn for some neighbor or friend. The first thing you know we come up against a difficulty. Or we see something else that attracts our attention. So we quit!

"Why do you change your course with so light a heart?" asks Jeremiah. We'll never get very far in life unless we follow the example of the lemming—keep moving straight toward the goal—in spite of everything.

But consider how tragic it is with poor Mr. Lemming. He knows only one course to take—and that to the sea and death. The lemming lives by instinct. He doesn't know where he is going or why. He has no choice. They that went before him have done this from the beginning of time; everybody else around him is doing it. So he follows along, submitting to powerful influences which he cannot understand and which sweep him along to destruction.

You and I have minds and wills. We can choose the goals toward which we move. We can choose goals so magnetic that we are drawn after them almost as irresistibly as the lemming is drawn to the sea. If we chart our course in the light of the teachings of Jesus we can move in the direction, not of death, but of a richer, more useful life.

A young woman told of a highway sign on a badly rutted road back in the hills of Missouri. The sign said: "Choose your rut carefully; you'll be in it for the next 20 miles!" Choose *your* rut carefully; you'll likely be in it twenty, forty, or even sixty years. *Choose* your life; don't just *fall into it,* or you will be no better than Lemuel Q. Lemming.

Quotable Verse

The World Is One

THE world is one; we cannot live apart,
To earth's remotest races we are kin;
God made the generations of one blood;
Man's separation is a sign of sin.

What though we solve the secret of the stars,
Or from the vibrant ether pluck a song,
Can this for all man's tyranny atone
While Mercy weeps and waits and suffers long?

Put up the sword, its day of anguish past;
Disarm the forts, and then, the war-flags furled,
Forever keep the air without frontiers,
The great, free, friendly highway of the world.

So that at last to rapture men may come,
And hear again the music of the spheres,
And stand erect, illumined, radiant, free,
The travail and the triumph of the years.

HINTON WHITE.

Toward a True Peace

THE old world staggers, but a young, triumphant world is born.
Before the Tower of Babel, sound a clear, resurgent horn
And prophesy the jubilant dawn when a true peace will come!
Make the will of the world your trumpet, the heart of the world your drum!

RALPH CHEYNEY.

Scapegoats

THE young men die in battle,
The old men sleep in bed.
The tortured earth of Europe
Is furrowed deep with red.

The old men sat conferring
With smile and scheme and lie.
The old men made the blunders,
Today the young men die.

ELEANOR D. BREED.

To Youth

O YOUTH upon the Upward Road
That winds away from view,
Is there a vision from afar
That calls and beckons you?

Why is it that you walk secure
With shoulders held erect?
Is there a Leader out beyond?
A guide whom you respect?

I wonder, do you hear the call
Which came in Galilee
To humble fishermen at work,
"Come, thou, and follow me"?

O Lord of all the Upward Road,
Keep strong our youth, we pray;
May age and youth together seek
To follow in Thy Way.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

A Pastoral Prayer

BY WINTHROP S. HUDSON

ETERNAL SPIRIT, our heavenly Father, Thou who didst make of one blood all the children of the earth so that we are one family of men dwelling upon one planet, we would pray here in Thy sanctuary for the peoples of all the world. Here before the cross of Christ, who died that all men might be saved, we would acknowledge our common sins and lift our petition for all mankind.

We confess, O God, that the tragedy which surrounds us, the evil which assails us, and the disasters which overwhelm us are the common guilt of us all. For we all have erred and fallen short of Thy glory. Thou knowest the things we ought not to have done and the things which we failed to do. Thou knowest how we stopped our ears to the call of compassion and burned incense before the altar of our own desires. Grant to our penitent hearts the knowledge of Thy forgiveness and the determination to live more worthily in the days to come.

We pray for the coming of Thy Kingdom, for the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the Kingdom of our Lord. Help us to see that it will not come by power nor by might, but by Thy spirit in the hearts of men. Help us to speed its coming by our renewal within us of the spirit of Christ, a growing sense of brotherhood with all men, of whatever race or color or nation.

We lift before Thee in our prayers all who have been the victims of war's devastation. For those in China and Japan, in England and Germany, who have known the horror of death descending from the skies, for all who have lost loved ones, for the soldiers of all nations, for those who no longer have a homeland to call their own, we would pray. Our hearts go out in compassion to them. May Thy spirit be with them all, as it is with us when we turn to Thee with a humble and a contrite heart. We ask it in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

Sermon Outlines *from* PULPIT Readers

What Kind of Supermen?

Text: For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.—Romans 8:19.

I. *Introduction* — Nietzche, first prophet of German nazism, was fundamentally right in thinking that humanity is capable of producing a race of supermen. Compare his supermen with Paul's.

II. *Body of Sermon*—(1) Our machine age has produced supermen of machinery. Having created the machine with its amoral but supernatural power, he must either control it or be destroyed by it. (2) The creation of true supermen is the function of Christianity. Only the Christian faith can give birth to supermen able to use machinery beneficently. Jesus discovered the laws of spiritual power. He was the first of a race of spiritual supermen. (3) Christianity alone can meet the present crisis. This is not a theory, but a fact. If men would act like Christ, they could solve social, industrial, international problems — achieving inner peace and universal good will. But Christians have been conformed to the world, spiritual laws have been broken, chaos has arrived. Only faith can make the consequent suffering redemptive.

III. *Conclusion*—Today, to save the world, let us as Christians go all the way, presenting our "bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," trusting him for the miracle of grace which transforms common humanity into supermen.

(Submitted by Talmage C. Johnson, First Baptist Church, Kinston, N. C.)

Remember Lot's Wife

Text: Remember Lot's wife.—Luke 17:32.

I. *Introduction* — This is a brief, pointed statement in one of our Lord's sermons. Speaking of the great changes then taking place, and others yet to come, he uttered these words of warning. Jesus did not attempt to explain the method of her chemical change. He did not engage in discussion of the justice or injustice of her punishment. He did not affirm that the story of Lot's wife was either fact or folklore. It was an illustration of some ageless truths.

II. *Body of Sermon*—(1) Even the best of us are not secure in a bad environment. Sodom was no place for a family like Lot's. Our Sodoms may not be cities, but places, persons or a person. (2) Evil places and evil men are not alone affected by calamity. Lot and his family became refugees. Keep this in mind next time you are tempted to ask, "Why doesn't God smite the world's trouble-makers?" The parable of the wheat and the tares. (3) While catastrophe often destroys evil it cannot destroy the good. All genuine goodness is immortal. It survives the fire of judgment. It rises again from the dead. (4) Our yesterdays must be kept behind us. Lot's wife looked back. We must be like Paul: forgetting those things which are behind." "The Christian falters from nothing so much as from basic uncertainty of conviction."

III. *Conclusion*—When tempted to doubt the value of discipleship, when you long to look back to the lights and the laughter of Sodom, when you are too fearful of tomorrow and too remorseful of yesterday, "remember Lot's wife" and go on instead to possess the promised land.

(Submitted by Clarence G. Langley, First Presbyterian Church, Red Wing, Minn.)

Expanding Our Usefulness Now

Text: Life is more than food, and the body more than raiment.—Luke 12:23.

I. *Introduction*—Money has no intrinsic value. Its only value is what we put into it. What money does for us depends upon what we see in it.

II. *Body of Sermon* — There are four ways of looking at money: (1) Money may be simply a means of providing the things that keep us functioning physically. (2) Others expand the usefulness of money so that it becomes a means of achieving inward quality, of intellectual and cultural growth. (3) Still others further expand its usefulness—by making it a means of doing God's will by ministering to one's fellow creatures. (4) Others add still a fourth dimension to money by making it a means of sustaining the ideals and values identified with the name of Christ.

III. *Conclusion*—Since these are the only ideals that make civilization possible, let us consecrate our wealth to Christian causes, to missions, to social uplift, to the work of the church.

(Submitted by Harold Blake Walker, First Presbyterian Church, Utica, N. Y.)

Rural Life and Rural Responsibility

Text: I will put my law in their inward parts and in their heart will I write it: and I will be their God and they shall be my people.—Jer. 31:32b.

I. *Introduction*—Rural people have better opportunities for knowing God because they are close to nature and dependent always to some degree upon God's providence for their livelihood and happiness. To be a partner of God involves moral responsibility.

II. *Body of Sermon*—(1) To recognize the "good earth" as belonging to God is to accept responsibility for the conservation of the soil which is basic to the maintenance of precious human values. (2) Opportunity to know neighbors intimately and to associate with them in small groups lays upon us the responsibility of active concern for the welfare of every individual and of cooperation with them toward desirable goals which are Christian and democratic. (3) To be aware of the unique place of rural peoples in shaping the future destiny of America is to accept our God-given responsibility: (a) to provide worthy leaders, since the majority of children are born in rural homes; (b) to preserve our spiritual heritage by keeping Christian homes, churches and other community institutions alive and vital.

III. *Conclusion*—Jesus was a product of the countryside. Let us make the most of our God-given opportunities by responsible rural living in fellowship with God.

(Submitted by Francis Belote, First Presbyterian Church, Elmwood, Ill.)

Detour Ahead!

Text: I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound: in everything and in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry.—Phil. 4:12, 13.

I. *Introduction*—One of the most certain facts about the journey of life is that for each of us sooner or later the road will detour.

II. *Body of Sermon* — (1) Some common detours: (a) financial reverses; (b) loss of health; (c) loss of reputation; (d) the end of educational opportunity; (e) a broken home. (2) What to do. We can remember: (a) that we are not always responsible for what happens to us; (b) that the current standards of success and failure will often not stand the examination of the Christian conscience; (c) that some detours lead to our greatest opportunities for service; (d) that we can make of disaster a highway to the achievement of character.

III. *Conclusion*—What will you do when you face a detour? The aim and dedication of your life determines whether a detour is a disaster or an opportunity. To St. Paul all his detours were turned to the service of Christ. Yours can be too.

(Submitted by James P. Wilbourn, First Baptist Church, Franklin, Ind.)

Training for a Ministry That Ministers

By Alfred W. Swan

WHEN twenty-five years ago some of us began training for the ministry the courses seemed remote from the needs of 1917. Again the ministry must be concerned for a theological curriculum pitched to meet the needs of the times. Now, after twenty years in the pastorate, it is a pleasure to satisfy a suppressed desire to revise the course of study required of the minister.

As in the matter of eugenics it is well to select one's grandparents carefully, so in the making of a minister a religious heritage is of great though not indispensable assistance. A married clergy has the advantage that it begets sons of the blood into the ministry. But the minister's son going into the service of the church needs to beware lest, having grown up inside a parsonage, he never sees the human struggle from outside the church, with a layman's problems and prejudices.

● *Science Is Not Enough*

The pre-theological training of undergraduate years should be in a college of fully accredited academic standing. There are no second-rate short cuts to a knowledge of the spiritual problem of mankind.

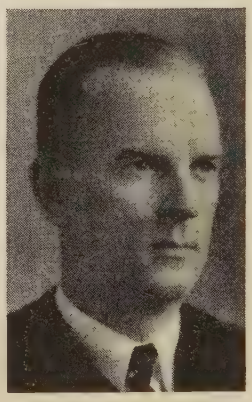
Only such general introduction to the physical and life sciences is needed as will provide a thorough respect for the scientific approach to reality exterior to man. But recent events indicate with terrible relevance that science is not enough. A sound introduction to psychology should be had. And sociology should be taken in large quantities, supplemented with field trips to give a kinesthetic understanding of areas from coal fields to wheat fields, and from the gold coast to the cotton flats. A comprehensive view of history should be had. Digests and surveys are in order—H. G. Wells and Hendrick Van Loon; Roland Bainton's *The Church of Our Fathers.*

Languages should include a foundation in Latin, and one modern language to give appreciation of another culture. The content of the English Bible should be a continuous part of curricular study throughout the college years.

● *The Gift of Tongues*

The most important emphasis in pre-theological training should be in the field of English. Every minister in the English-speaking world should have read every play of Shakespeare, and have made a few the familiar pastures of his soul. There was a vasty exposition of the terrestrial struggle and an upbursting of the human spirit at the very moment when the Bible was aborning in the English tongue.

The 17th century should be known in terms of Donne and Milton and Bunyan. The 18th should be understood in the light of the cynicism that blighted its early decades, of the outburst of political humanism at its end, and of the lonely mysticism of Blake. The 19th century is as notable for its poets as for its scientists, for Tennyson and Browning as well as Darwin and Huxley. What has been spawned,



Alfred W. Swan

and what may be christened, in the 20th century should be sifted well.

It is in the novelist and the dramatist that the great commentaries on life are to be found today. If the undergraduate theologue has not partaken of this menu, the seminaries must provide the necessary surveys: Van Wyck Brooks' *The Flowering of New England,* Granville Hicks' *The Great Tradition,* Halford Luccock's *Contemporary American Literature and Religion* and *American Mirror.* And he must be familiar with Cervantes, Hugo, Dickens, Mark Twain, Sinclair Lewis, Sigrid Undset, Eugene O'Neill, and a hundred others of whom these are but representatives.

● *Seminaries Are Not Cemeteries*

The theological seminary itself should be selected with care. Does it know the human plight, our spiritual heritage, and how to bring these two together? In turn seminaries ought to be highly selective in their admission of students. Entrance requirements should carefully cover intellectual capacity, personality traits, promise of devotion and probability of service and glory to the Christian cause. Theological seminaries should maintain high scholastic standards. The requirements of other professional schools—medical, legal, technical—are now extremely severe. The preparation of the minister does not dare be less.

It should go without saying that a theological student should lead a vigorous and exemplary life, managed by the routines of a sacrificial self-discipline, animated by an altruistic social devotion, and inspired by a wistful aspiration for the divine.

● *Curricula Theologica*

No great emphasis should be laid on ancient languages except Latin. Greek and Hebrew are not necessary for an effective ministry. The critical work on the original languages of our Scriptures has been largely done, and the results are available in English. Except for the specialist who is going to continue this literary criticism, as of course it must be continued by a few, the amount of time that would ordinarily be required to master the original languages of Scripture is too great.

But Latin should be readily read. For the vehicle by which Christianity has been transmitted to the Western world is largely Latin. The character of a thousand years might have been different had the universities of Europe and America read the Latin of the church rather than that of the secular generals, politicos and even poets. Every minister in a Christian church of the West should be able to read the Vulgate. This added knowledge would help form a much needed bridge between Catholic and Protestant Christians.

Assuming that a knowledge of the English Bible has been a part of undergraduate training, it should now be strengthened with exploration of the literary origins of this monumental library. But it is more important to get a feeling for the dynamics of the book than to flourish a glib familiarity with J, E, D and P. Paul's creative spirit should be seen as an expansion of the pristine power of the gospel. Appreciation of the epic character of the Revelation might save some good folk from the numerologists.

● *Wisdom from All the Churches*

The great liturgies of all the churches should be studied. Greek Orthodoxy and Roman Catholicism should be searched for tribute to the enrichment of prayer and praise. Certainly we have no greater religious music than that of the Russian Church.

The treasure-house of religion should be opened to us by the official custodians of its many rooms. A Hebrew rabbi should teach the Old Testament, expounding its ethical wealth and sounding its sonorous phrases. Roman Catholic historians should be invited to lecture on church history and liturgics. To the usual course in comparative religions should be added one interpreting the many varieties of contemporary Christianity. Usually a theologue is given a course in the polity of his own denomination. He should hear from an Episcopalian how the Episcopal Church works and worships; from a Salvation Army captain how he sings and serves; from a Quaker what is the Discipline of the Friends; from a Lutheran the heritage of Augsburg; from a Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist what each has found in the fellowship of the Lord. The suburbs as well as the citadel of Christianity should bring tribute in many tongues to the chapel of all nations.

● *Bringing History to Life*

Church history should be taught as the story of human civilization in its inspired moments. As secular history has been taught too much in its political and military aspects, so church history has conventionally been taught too much in terms of its ecclesiastical and theological conflicts. It could be redeemed in terms of its great movements, and brought alive in terms of biography. The lives of the saints from Jerusalem to Rome, Carthage to Lyons, Canterbury to Wittenberg, Leyden to Plymouth, were not colorless; they were warmly alive. Who will not understand Augustine better in terms of his Confessions, Luther in the light of his Table-Talk, Joan of Arc in terms of the predicament of France, Jonathan Edwards in the light of Northampton?

Again the student should not be loaded with too much alleged original research. Research is for the post-graduate theological student, as for the post-graduate in science and the humanities. No one should hesitate to use the great surveys. *An Outline of Christianity, the Story of Our Civilization,* edited by Paget in 1936, is a good framework on which to hang a knowledge of the prodigious drama by which Christianity has impinged upon the human tale.

Theology and philosophy may be got at by way of the lowly popularizers. Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy* may prepare one for reading the philosophers themselves. McGiffert's scholarly *History of Christian Thought* will open the way to Origen and Jerome, Bede and Abelard, Erasmus and Calvin, Bunyan and Butler, Schleiermacher and Rauschenbusch, Bushnell and Barth.

● *The Study of Human Nature Is Humanity*

No one is in the pastorate long until he is aware of the validity of the psychiatric approach to the inner problems of the individual. It can be mastered in its non-medical aspects within the bounds of one department of pastoral study. Clinical observation in a psychopathic hospital will amplify. The aim should be the discovery of those resources which make for normal psychology and effective living.

Assuming that undergraduate work has furnished one with the techniques of sociological study, further surveys should be made on the graduate level. The steel mill and the milk-shed are areas which must be understood in their social and economic aspects, before one may presume to address their spiritual needs. The fatal degeneracy at the heart of our great cities, along with their cultural accumulations, needs to be understood. In a moment when one-fifth of the American people are on the trek, the sociological problems of the trailer family, the defense area, to say nothing of military concentrations, must be felt by the minister who as a shepherd of souls would follow men into whatever green pastures or shadowed valeys life may lead them.

It should be clear today that no one is qualified to utter a word, much less *the Word,* who does not sense the international scene. The mood of missions which dominated the 19th century must merge in the 20th into an ecumenical internationalism, which seeks by whatever sanctions are necessary to fashion an order in which the Reign of Righteousness and the Juridicy of Justice may prevail. The minister of Christ who, even in the hour of national agony, does not pass beyond the moods of nationalism to the planetary thinking necessary to today is not prepared to participate in the salvation of the world.

● *Preparing for Preaching and Shepherding*

"All the good or bad that gets done in the world," said the late John H. Finley, "is done by words." The minister's medium is language. Fortunate is he who is furnished with some native eloquence. But even the natural-born preacher must be taught the elements of structure, and that psychological structure is more important than logical. He must know the historic types of address, and the emotional and dramatic devices by which truth is warmly conveyed. Happy is he who from the sacred desk "imparts the fabric of his dream."

The preacher must be also pastor. What does he say in the hospital room? What help can he give a man when unemployed during a depression? What does he write to a young fellow in the army headed for Australia? What does he say about the death of beautiful old age, and about the tragic death of youth? God knows, no formulas can meet these needs. But there are great words that help us and have helped men in every age. They should be a vital part of the modern minister's equipment of the tongue and spirit.

● *Post-Seminary Study Inevitable*

One of the calamities of all education is that it tends to cease. But the seminary graduate should go on improving his professional and spiritual equipment for the sake of his ministry. He will be fortunate if for a time he can hold an externship in a hospital, a residency in a social settlement or an appointment to some public agency.

But above all, the minister should be encouraged to keep up the stretching of his mind. Upon graduation he should select an area in which he will specialize under supervision of his theological alma mater. Suppose he now does original research in all there is to be known about the baptismal service as practiced through the Christian ages, or in the origins of the marriage ceremony, or in the ritual for the burial of the dead. Or assume he explores a field of church history, the biography of a great leader, the literature of a significant movement, and that he comes back to the theological campus two weeks each summer for guidance in his study, and at the end of three years reports in a succinct thesis on his collected findings. He will have perfected himself in the knowledge and practice of some matter relevant to his profession.

Gilbert Chesterton once said that if he had it to do, he would begin by ordaining every theologue a bishop and let him work up to being a parish priest. By which he meant to suggest that the young minister often begins his work in lonely isolation a thousand miles from his theologium. But study will keep one's intellectual and spiritual ties within the community of faith.

And the business of the minister, the urgent business of the minister, is to bring to mankind in its spiritual plight, its desperate plight, a faith that we have seen a Light that no darkness can extinguish.

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

FOR many years DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER has been head of the department of preaching at Boston University School of Theology and minister of the Church of All Nations in Boston. He earlier held pastorates in San Francisco and San Jose, Cal., Detroit and Kansas City. Dr. Stidger is widely known for his radio broadcasts and newspaper syndicate writing.

DR. CHARLES F. WISHART *held pastorates* in Pittsburgh and Chicago. Since 1919 he has been president of the College of Wooster, in Ohio, from which position he is retiring this year. In 1923 he was named moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

Rev. M. M. MCGORRELL *has ministered* at Fountain Street Baptist Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., since 1933. Preceding his earlier pastorates in Chicago and Boulder, Colo., he spent two years as director of young people's work for the American Baptist Publication Society. His sermon in this issue was preached at the University of Chicago Chapel.

Since 1926 DR. FRED EASTMAN *has been* professor of biography, literature and drama at Chicago Theological Seminary. He is an authority in religious drama, having written many plays and published a number of books in that field. He has also won wide fame for his service in the interest of better motion pictures.

Among the pastorates held by Rev. ROY L. SMITH were St. Paul's Methodist, Chicago, Simpson Methodist, Minneapolis, and First Methodist, Los Angeles. He is now general editor of the *Christian Advocate,* Methodist national weekly.

Rev. FRED E. LUCHS *has been pastor of* the Community Presbyterian Church, Athens, O., for the past five years. He has served as exchange preacher in British churches, also in Paris and Berlin.

Rev. HAROLD L. LUNGER *is minister of* the Austin Boulevard Christian Church, Chicago. He received his theological training at Yale.

Rev. WINTHROP S. HUDSON, *for many* years minister of Normal Park Baptist Church, Chicago, next month becomes a professor of the history of Christianity at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School.

Rev. ALFRED W. SWAN *is minister of* First Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

GARRETT S. TAMMINGA, First Presbyterian, Concord, Cal. "The Light and Its Reflection." John 8:12—"I am the Light of the world." Matt. 5:14—"Ye are the light of the world."

JAMES C. PERKINS, Federated, Schroon Lake, N. Y. "Keeping Our Ideals in Such a Time as This." Deut. 23:9—"When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every evil thing."

D. C. TRAPP, Dist. Supt. Evangelical Church, Minneapolis, Minn. "A Vision of God in a Year of Tragedy." Isa. 6:1—"In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord."

GEORGE A. HADDAD, First Baptist, Oswego, N. Y. "An Honest Man's View of Religion." Mark 9:24—"I believe, help thou my unbelief."

CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "America Looks at Tomorrow." Isa. 21:11—"Watchman, what of the night?"

THEODORE F. ADAMS, First Baptist, Richmond, Va. "The Ultimate Question." John 21:16—"Lovest thou me?"

O. L. SCHUMPERT, First Presbyterian, Belmar, N. J. "The Challenge of a Memorial." Josh. 4:7—"And these stones shall be a memorial unto the children of Israel forever."

G. S. NICHOLS, Collegiate Methodist, Ames, Ia. "Life's Leftovers." Isa. 44:17—"And the residue thereof he maketh a god."

JOHN HALL, Methodist, Lake City, Minn. "God's Moment." Isa. 26:20, 21—"Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."

LESTER G. SIMON, Tremont Baptist, New York city. "After Victory—What?" Psa. 85:10—"Victory and peace embrace." (Moffatt)

EDWIN T. JONES, Third Reformed, Albany, N. Y. "A New Offensive." Matt. 16:18b—"And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

A. EDWARD KELSEY, Friends, Ram Allah, Palestine. "Our Choice: A Visible or an Invisible King." Heb. 11:27—"It was by faith that he left Egypt, not from any fear of the king's wrath, like one who saw the King Invisible, he never flinched." (Moffatt)

E. E. SMITH, Christian, Pawnee City, Neb. "The Romance of Achievement." Psalm 24:3, 4—"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? . . . He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood, and hath not sworn deceitfully." Phil. 3:13, 14—"One thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize. . . ." (High school baccalaureate)

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of sermon

. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)

. . . . . .
Name of minister

. . . . . .
Name of church

. . . . . .
Address

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

I AM selecting as the event for this month the series of articles on "Preparing the Church for the New World Order" which came to its conclusion in the June 3 issue of the *Christian Century*. The series began in February. Seventeen of the most trusted minds in the church of America and Great Britain looked at the church in its setting amid a world revolution and, each in his own way, told what the church must do if it is to bear its most effective witness for Christ and his Kingdom in the post-war world. There will be a post-war Christian church as surely as there will be a post-war world—this conviction ran like a golden thread through all the articles. But these writers all saw that there must be a spiritual revolution in the church if it is to be a match for the principalities and powers which it will confront. I cannot in this limited space give even a digest of what these seventeen writers have said, but I find in the article by Dr. Visser 't Hooft a statement which I believe every one of them would accept as epitome of his own article: "Judgment," says Dr. 't Hooft, "begins at the house of God. And since Christians are as stiff-necked a people as any, the divine pedagogy is severe. The church learns by suffering that the Word of God is a two-edged sword and that it dare not go on talking about order and fellowship if it is not willing to *be* order and fellowship. The church must be forced out of the irresponsible sphere of moralism ('if only men *would,*' and 'the government *ought*') and enter the really serious domain of God's action ('you *are* . . . therefore *be'!*)." Are we using as well as we should the opportunity of these wartime days in preparing the church for a crisis greater than any it has confronted in many centuries?

The Church Looks At Itself

The Book of the Month

THE HIGHWAY OF GOD. *By Ralph W. Sockman. Macmillan. $2.00.*

HERE is a book of 218 pages based on the words of Jesus appraising the work of John the Baptist. As an achievement of homiletic insight and skill it surpasses anything that comes to my remembrance. What riches lie hidden in the Scriptures! —this comment kept repeating itself in my thought as I read on and on. At the outset, when I realized what this latest Lyman Beecher lecturer at Yale University was undertaking to do, I expected to find him straining the text to make it support what he wanted to say about the modern preacher. But when I had finished the book, I marveled at the illumination with which Jesus' words about John light up our present scene. Dr. Sockman begins with the wilderness where the Baptist set up his pulpit. His analysis of our "wilderness"—the confusion and chaos in which our age is wandering—is keen and profound. This is his first chapter. His second chapter, entitled "A Reed in the Wind," reveals the forces that play upon the preacher to make him a mere weathervane yielding before every breeze. The third chapter, in contrast, portrays "A Prophet" who resists the play of popular forces in the name of God and God's Kingdom. The fourth considers how the preacher must be "More Than a Prophet," that is, a pastor and priest to his people. Chapters five and six leave the preacher's professional level and interpret "The Least in the Kingdom" and "The Children of Wisdom." This is a fertilizing book —it kindles understanding, deepens faith, opens vistas.

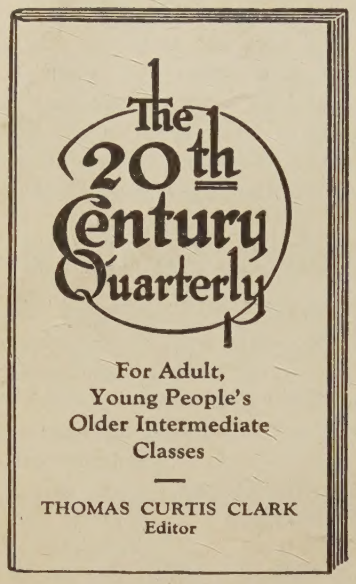
A Thought for the Month

WE HAVE NOT captured the secret of Christ's power with his disciples until we see what, through their companionship with him, happened in their imagination. As the disciples reflected on his manner of life, his teaching, his death and his resurrection, they were seized with the glowing conviction that the brief mundane drama in which they had participated was something so vast in its implications that it could not be measured in terms merely of the Galilean stage on which it took place. From Galilee their imagination leaped to the throne of heaven where they saw their Rabbi seated at the right hand of God. This vision shifted their whole point of view from the earthly stage to the cosmic stage. They now saw that what had happened to them in their companying with Jesus was something that God himself had wrought. The Father had *sent* Jesus, and all that had happened was revelatory. All the events and experiences of their companionship with him found their explanation on the Godward side of a drama which was enacted in heaven before it was enacted in Galilee and Judea, and continues eternally to be enacted in heaven and among men. Thus the teaching of Jesus was seen as the law of the heavenly Kingdom; the love of Jesus as the supreme manifestation of the perfect love of God; the disciples of Jesus as the new Israel with which God makes a new covenant; the death of Jesus as the unveiling of God's own vicarious and redemptive suffering for man's sin; the resurrection of Jesus as God's pledge that his heavenly Kingdom would surely triumph on this earth. Had not Jesus so kindled and inspired the imagination of his disciples to see all this there would have been no Christianity, the secret at the heart of reality would still remain hidden, and our Lord himself would be for human history only "a dead fact, stranded on the shores of the oblivious years." How else, I ask you, could they have regarded him save as the Son of the living God?

Imagination—the Organ of Divine Revelation

Charles Clayton Morrison

Prevent the Summer Slump



For Wider Knowledge More Christian Character and Deeper Faith

The *20th Century Quarterly* is now in its 24th year of unique service. It is in use by schools of 15 denominations—its editors being from various fellowships. It is pre-eminently the Quarterly for TODAY.

WHAT THEY SAY

"Affords a high standard of teaching and discussion."
EUGENE M. AUSTIN, Tioga Baptist, Philadelphia.

"The most stimulating study material available."
J. H. MARION, JR., First Presbyterian, Richmond, Va.

"Unexcelled in its field."
EDGAR A. LOWTHER, Congregational Methodist Temple, San Francisco.

"Intelligent and constructive."
ALFRED W. SWAN, First Congregational, Madison, Wis.

"Extraordinarily able."
JOHN M. VERSTEEG, Walnut Hills Methodist, Cincinnati.

Ask for FREE sample copy and give this Quarterly a trial in your school, your class, beginning July 1. *Prevent the summer slump!*

The 20th Century Quarterly
407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Four Inevitable Books FOR MINISTERS

Highland Shepherds

By ARTHUR W. HEWITT

When the author of *Steeples Among the Hills* published *Highland Shepherds* he was at once hailed as the champion of the village and rural church, and their leaders. Hewitt holds that ministers of such churches have greater opportunities for service than city ministers. His book, which treats every problem of the smaller pastorate, is a modern classic. **$2.00**

1000 Quotable Poems

THOS. CURTIS CLARK, Compiler

More than 35,000 copies of this anthology have already been sold, half of them to ministers; for it includes just the poems—brief, pointed, quotable—which pastors are always looking for for quotation. Includes 100 pages of poems for special days of the year. Vols. I and II of "Quotable Poems" now in this one superb volume. **$2.50**

Business Administration of a Church

By ROBERT CASHMAN

Mr. Cashman is business manager of Chicago Theological Seminary, and teaches church business administration there. He shows how the pastor may save valuable time by systematizing his work. Discusses organization, finance, stewardship, correspondence, etc. "A gold mine," says Albert B. Coe of the book. **$1.50**

Minister's Service Book

By JAMES D. MORRISON

Dr. Morrison, now of Colgate-Rochester, spent years in gathering the materials for this manual. Everything a pastor should know in this field. Presents worship services, prayers, funeral and marriage ceremonies, etc. **$1.50. Lea. $3.50**

Willett, Clark & Co.
37 W. Van Buren St., Chicago